

# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.

Born: November 24, 1945, Orofino, Idaho

Died: January 9, 2001, Townsend, Montana



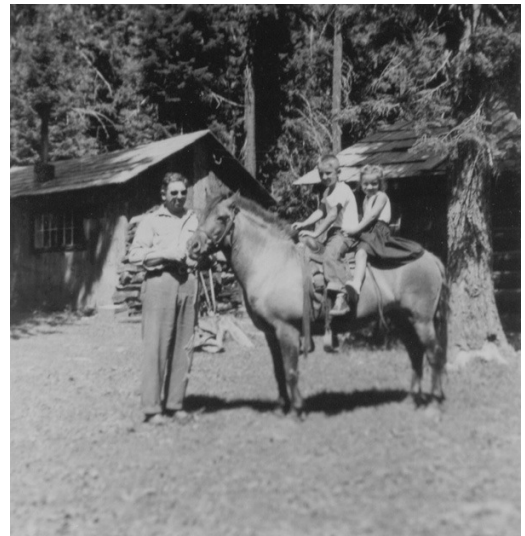
1946 - Robert as a baby - probably living at Lochsa Lodge in the summer and Weippe, Idaho in the winter.



July 1947 - Steve F. Russell feeding Robert a bottle at Lochsa Lodge, Idaho. The old gas pump and old Ford flatbed are in the background.



July 1948 (age 2 1/2) - Robert and Steve F. Russell in their peddle cars at Lochsa Lodge, Idaho.



July 1953ca (age 7) - Robert and Marla Sue Russell on the pony "Sugar" with Steve R. Russell holding the reins - Lochsa Lodge, Idaho. The wash/shower house in the background on the left and the generator and food storage house is on the right.

# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



Summer 1955 (age 9) - Robert and Steve F. Russell at Robert's house, 405 Marshall St., Missoula.



July 1956 (age 10) - Marla Sue Russell, Robert, Steve F. Russell, and Roxanne Richardson at Lochsa Lodge, Idaho. The old screen porch at the north side of the Lodge is in the background.



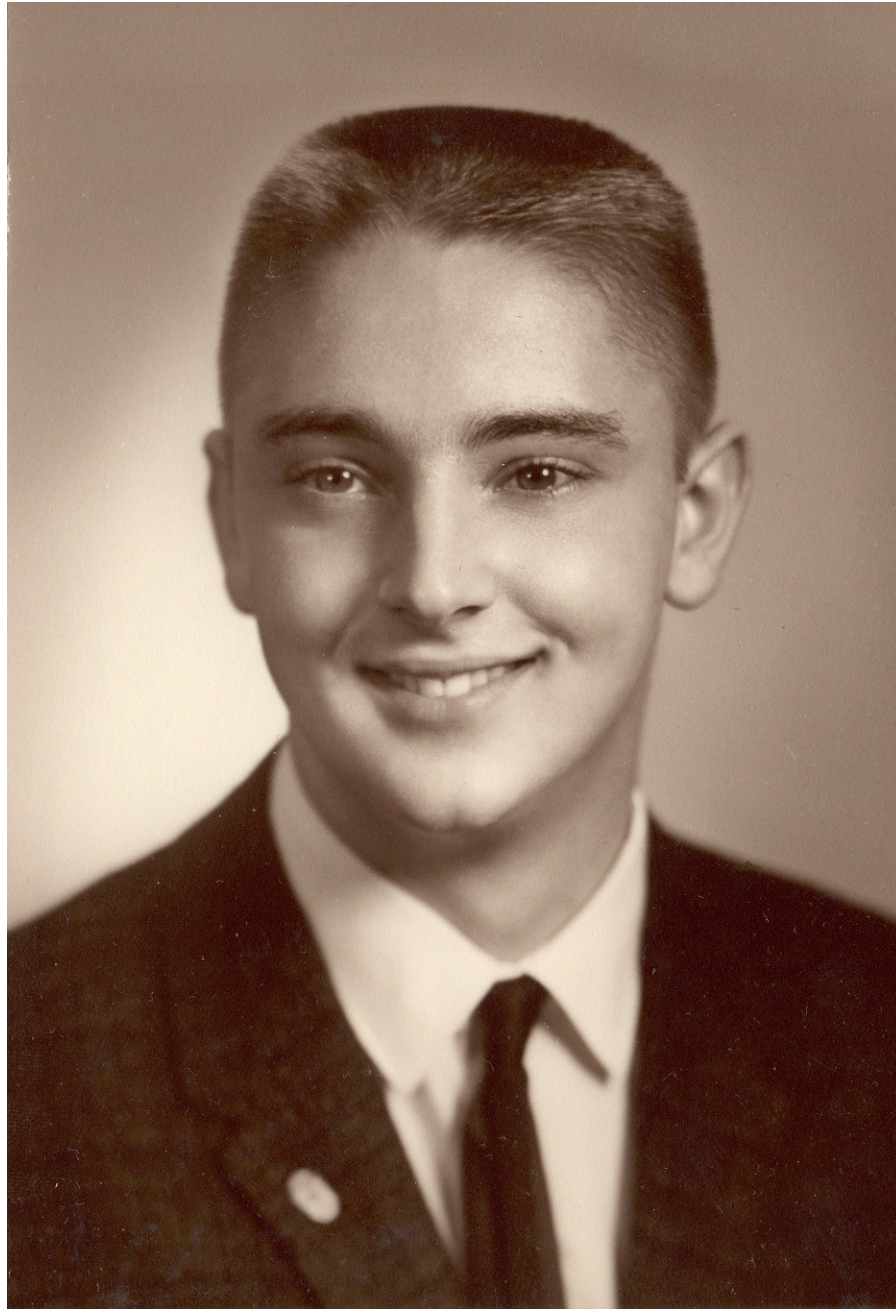
Summer 1957ca (age 11) - Robert and Steve F. Russell at Robert's house at 1007 Nyberta (Hyberta) St., Missoula, Montana



Summer 1959ca (age 13) - Robert in front of the house at 1007 Nyberta St. in Missoula, Montana. One of the rare times he was formally dressed.



# **Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.**



**Spring 1963 (age 18) - Robert Earl Anderson Jr,  
High-School Graduation Photo**

# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



Circa 1966 Robert Earl Anderson Jr with son (Is this Shane?)



# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



1966 Junior and wife Brenda at Avon, Montana



1979 (age 33) - Robert with his family at a family reunion - on the Lochsa River near Powell, Idaho. Robert holds baby Jarrod, Candice and Shawna standing, and Penelope (Penny) with unborn Teala.



# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



1983 (age 37) - Robert and his first cousin, Steve F. Russell - at Steve's parent's house in Elliston, Montana.



1983 (age 37) - Some of the family and Robert - Clarke and Shirley Russell place at Elliston, Montana. Left to Right, Monty, Gwen, Shirley, Tracy, Kathy, Miranda, Clarke, Myrtle, Bridgett, Mel, Jamie Lou, Robert, Steve



1987 (age 41) - Robert with a big smile. - Missoula, Montana at the house of his Aunt, Charlotte Russell.



# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



1987 (age 41) - Robert and his first cousin, Steve F. Russell - comparing "guts", Missoula, Montana at the house of his Aunt, Charlotte Russell.



1987 (age 41) - Robert and his first cousin, Steve F. Russell - Missoula, Montana at the house of his Aunt, Charlotte Russell



Robert Earl Anderson, Jr., Lolo Trail - Rocky Ridge Lake, Aug 8, 1989

Photo, Steve F. Russell

1989 (age 44) - Robert at Rocky Ridge Lake on the Lolo Trail, Idaho, August 8, 1989



# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



Robert Earl Anderson, Jr., Lolo Trail - Spring Mountain, Idaho, Aug 4, 1989

Photo, Steve F. Russell

1989 (age 44) - Robert at Spring Mountain on the Lolo Trail, Idaho, August 4, 1989



Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (L), and Steve F. Russell, Lochsa Lodge, Idaho, Aug 11, 1989

Photo, Steve F. Russell

1989 (age 44) - Robert at Lochsa Lodge, Idaho, August 8, 1989  
This is where Robert and Steve grew up as small boys



# Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.



1994 (age 49) - Robert on Christmas Day at the Cedar Street Baptist Church in Townsend, Montana.

Additional Information on Next Pages



#### UPDATE ON FAMILY INFORMATION June 5, 2017

Brenda C. Worrell, Married Feb 1965, Cour d'Alene, Idaho

Shane (info from Teala)

It may be Shane in the early photo I have

Helen Eileen Cary, Married 1966, Port Hueneme, California

Donald (info from Teala)

Kimberly (info from Teala)

These may be the children who died in a trailer house fire.

LaVeda Jenille Rasmussen, Married 1968, Missoula, Montana

(unknown)

Penelope Candice Bush, Married Sept, 1975. Cour d'Alene, Idaho

Jarrold Earl Anderson

Teala June Anderson

Where do Candice and Shawna fit in? Are they Penny's children  
by a previous marriage?

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#### OBITUARY

HELENA - Robert Earl Anderson Jr., 55, of Townsend, died Jan. 9, 2001, of heart failure.

Robert Earl Anderson Jr. was born Nov. 24, 1945, in Orofino, Idaho, the son of Robert Earl Sr. and Margaret June (Russell) Anderson. He lived at Lochsa Lodge in Idaho and Missoula, until graduating from Missoula High in 1963. He attended the University of Montana and served in Vietnam as a Navy medic. He lived in Missoula after returning from Vietnam and worked at various jobs. About age 41, he was severely injured in a hunting accident and became disabled. He is survived by a son, Jarrod, and a daughter, Teala, both of Missoula. He was preceded in death by his father, mother and a brother, Keith E. Anderson. There will be no visitation or funeral. Burial with military honors will be at noon on Monday, Jan. 22, at the Montana Veterans Cemetery, Fort Harrison, Helena. Hagler Anderson Mortuary of Helena is handling the arrangements.

Robert Earl Anderson, Jr



The Life and Times of Robert Earl Anderson, Jr.  
by his friend and cousin,  
Steve F. Russell  
January 11, 2001

Hello to everyone who has come to pay final tribute to my friend and first cousin. If he could, he would be telling me not to make this much of a fuss over him. That's the way he was with many people - "don't make a fuss." In order to tell this story, my cousin has to have a name. The family always called him "Junior" but he hated being called that. Some people called him Robert and closer friends called him Bob but he and I settled on a compromise name and I called him "J-R" (Jay-Are). J-R and I started life together as toddlers in Weippe and Lochsa Lodge, Idaho and were close friends and playmates in our early years. We were "war babies." Those were carefree days for two young boys who spent many summers exploring the nearby woods and the Lochsa River bank near our home. That rugged and primitive country burned into our souls a love of the mountains that we never lost.

J-R and his family permanently moved to Missoula, Montana when we were in grade school so our times together were less but we never seemed to lose that ability to get into trouble that two boys growing up often acquire. There are lots of stories to tell but J-R might not want them told so I won't. Life in the "big city" was busy for J-R. He lived in a nice ranch style house with central heating and his own big room -- a real step up from the crowded cold cabins of Lochsa Lodge. He stayed very busy in the city, playing ball, swimming, and doing boxing and 4-H projects. He got really muscular with that punching bag in the basement! One of his 4-H projects was a steer he named "Lester." I guess nobody told him not to make Lester into a pet because the end of the project would be the production of "Lesterburgers." I was there when he found out --- and it was not pretty! For months afterward, J-R did not eat the beef that was being served at the family table because it was probably Lester.

We eventually grew up and started our adult lives. During those first adult years we did not keep in touch like we had as kids. J-R tried college but didn't find it to his liking so he joined the Navy and went off to Vietnam as a medic. J-R really enjoyed medicine and knew a lot about it. It would have been nice if he had chosen to have a career in the field of medicine. After Vietnam, J-R came back to Missoula and lived a pretty unstructured life except when he drove a propane truck for a few years. He tried various things including the trade of his father, lumbering, but didn't find it to his liking. J-R also seemed to be unlucky in the romance department --- having been married several times. We never discussed this much because I did not want to get punched! The end of J-R's life really started more than a decade ago when he was shot in a horrible hunting accident. The hunting rifle discharged forward through the front seat of the car hitting him in the middle of his left side and causing major damage. Still hours from medical help, J-R hung onto life and by sheer will avoided shock long enough to pull through. The initial accident was followed by years of surgery, first to save him from gangrene and later to try to support his torso that was missing all the muscle. He survived many years beyond what I thought he could by his sheer will and hardy Anderson-Russell constitution.

One thing I knew and admired about J-R was that he nearly always had a smile and happy hello when we met. In his last years I know he was sometimes in great pain when I visited but he would never mention it unless I would ask. He always wanted to talk and laugh and enjoy the visit. One time in particular, he was in so much pain and on so much medication that he was continually falling asleep so I would let him sleep and when he popped awake, we would continue talking as though nothing happened. What fortitude!

Robert Earl Anderson, Jr

J-R loved the mountains and would drive up on the back mountains roads out of Alberton and Lolo Hot Springs to spend the day seeing the beauty of nature and taking his solitude from it. Three years ago we were able to make our last trip to the mountains at Duck Creek Pass near his home in Townsend. It was not a long trip but J-R still was hurting a lot when we got to the top. He got out of the pickup and just stood there taking in the feel of the wind over the ridge and the beautiful views of the valleys. He couldn't get enough of it.

Our last great adventure together was in the summer of 1989 when we met on the Lochsa River and camped several days on the Lolo Trail. This was after he had been shot and even with the pain he was in, I could tell that our camping in the mountains and seeing the beautiful vistas would be one of the highlights of his life. Those are good memories I will keep of him.

It's too bad that the last years of his life were spent in such disability and pain. He often told me that he wanted to get back up into the mountains. Last summer I told him to hang on one more year for me and we would do it. I know he wanted to but couldn't.

Looking back over those 50-plus years, my mind's eye sees the smiling happy little boy that came to life's end as a smiling, happy, worn out man. I have a large photo of us taken when he was about nine years old -- we have our arms around each other and there is J-R with a big happy grin on his face. I also have a photo of him standing proudly in the meadow on top of Spring Mountain in the Bitterroots of Idaho during his last great mountain adventure. There he is with that big happy grin. How can I sum up his life? It's that no matter what hardships life dealt him, he stayed optimistic and happy. Had he been a great emperor of Europe, his title would probably have been "Robert the Happy." His last great joy this past month was to move into an apartment that had been newly remodeled just for him. He couldn't wait to call the people he knew to give them the good news.

Well J-R, did I make too much of a fuss??

Your friend and cousin, Steve.

Robert Earl Anderson, Jr

**TRAIL JOURNAL, STEVE F. RUSSELL, 1989**  
**On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR)**

In 1989, my cousin, JR, came to visit me on the Lolo Trail. We spent 11 days together camping and talking over old times while I hiked trail segments. We grew up as young boys at Lochsa Lodge, Idaho and had been separated since we left high school. This is the last time we were together in the mountains of Idaho. JR and I knew that it would be not too many years before he got really sick and would die. It was a bitter-sweet time for us.

**August 4, 1989 (Friday)**

Awoke 7am. Breakfast: egg, toast, coffee, hot chocolate.

Headed westward on the Lolo Motorway.

76831.4        8:40am First saddle east of "The Chief".

76837.1        9:40am Level part of the ridge west of Cayuse Junction. #

Hiked west of Cayuse Junction and found the trail between [Cayuse Junction](#) and [Moose Lake](#).

At noon <west of [Cayuse Junction](#)> I heard gunfire as I neared the pickup so I crept closer to see what was going on. It was my cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR) and he was target practicing on some grouse with his 22 pistol. JR had come to join me for a few days.

76839.7        4pm. Road crosses the ridge east of [Swan Springs](#).

76839.8        Spring Mountain. #19 color looking at the Bitter Root Mountains.

76840.1        First spring and Lewis and Clark sign. #20 color.

76840.8        JR and I went to the top of [Spring Mountain](#). #21 through #28 were taken on the top.

76841.1        7:45pm. My evening camp was on the road at the saddle on the west end of [Spring Mountain](#). Supper: spanish rice, pork & beans.

**August 5, 1989 (Saturday)**

76841.1        Awoke 7:15am. Breakfast: egg, toast, hot chocolate, Gatorade.

76842.15       9:30am. Start of hike.

JR mileage 376.8

76843.10       Where I hiked down to the road, there is a turnaround and trail head spot here.

76843.8        Road junction USFS Road 566 down to US Highway 12.

#29,30,31 color.

76844.1        1st saddle west of the road junction.

76844.35       2nd saddle west - road crosses ridge.

76844.35       small saddle, road crosses ridge.

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)



76844.9 small saddle, road crosses ridge, #32,33 color, rock landmarks to the north.  
76845.55 stopped and hiked east.  
76846.15 12:35pm [Indian Post Office](#) above the lake. #3,4,5,6 color.

### THE HIKE!

I decided to search for the trail on the ridge east of [Moon Saddle](#). Robert Earl Anderson Jr. (JR) went on to Moon Saddle to wait for me and I parked on the ridge where a trail left the Lolo Motorway and went up it. I hiked for quite a while and the trail was well travelled and stayed on the Lochsa side of the ridge. It started down and I kept following it hoping it would grade into [Moon Saddle](#). The day was hot and sunny with flies buzzing all around. There was much bear sign such as huckleberry scat and round droppings of deer or elk hair and bones (probably winter kill). After a while, realized that the trail kept angling off to the left and that it was headed for [Weir Creek](#). A check of the topo map and my baro altitude verified that I was considerably lower than Moon Saddle. I had been daydreaming and walking along at a rapid pace and had overshot the [Moon Saddle](#) altitude. At this point I decided to go "across country" to the saddle. I called JR on the radio and told him what I had done. I started back up the trail until I had reached the saddle altitude and then started angling around the ridge and the face of the mountain. I realized I was making an error when the sidehill got so steep that I had to hold onto huckleberry brush to keep from sliding and falling a long way down. It must have taken me about 2 hours to go the short distance and I was very tired when I finally reached the saddle. JR fired his pistol to give me a more precise bearing when I needed it and a passerby stopped on the ridge opposite me and told me I had the correct elevation to hit the saddle. I found an old trail down the creek as I got near the saddle and followed it up to the saddle. This trip took my afternoon and I didn't find the BTT.

76847.8 #10 color [MOON SADDLE](#)  
76848.7 5:20pm 1st saddle west of Moon Saddle. Hiked 1/2-way back eastward to [Moon Saddle](#). The trail was 100-200 yards below the road.  
76849.4 second saddle west of [Moon Saddle](#), road crosses the ridge.  
76849.55 #11 color to the SW as you drop down going west into [Howard's Camp](#).  
76849.9 water trickle at sidehill.  
76850.45 6pm. Howard Camp. #12,13 color.  
76851.95 6:15pm [Devils Chair](#). I left JR at [Howard Camp](#) and drove west to [Devils Chair](#) and then hiked eastward to [Howard Camp](#). I could not find tread evidence because of a severe fire and resulting erosion.

My evening camp was at [Howard Camp](#) on the creek on the upper side of the road just after crossing the bridge. JR and I both took a bath in [Howard's Creek](#). It was very cold and my legs ached from the cold for 30 min afterwards. The mosquitoes were bad also!

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)

August 6, 1989 (Sunday) (Stayed overnight in Pierce, Idaho)

Awoke at 6am. left at 8:15am. Breakfast: coffee, hot chocolate, egg.

- 76856.0 Left Howard's Camp at the junction.  
76856.7 Abandoned road to the right going down.  
76857.55 [Devils Chair](#).  
7685xxxx 9:15am Hiked from west of [Devils Chair](#) to [Saddle Camp](#). JR went to Saddle Camp to pick me up.  
Switchback.  
baro alt. 6050.  
went 590 paces about north, baro alt. 5950.  
trail switchbacked at 610 paces.  
trail headed south at 940 paces, baro alt. 5800.  
1450 paces found water, baro alt. 5750.  
76861.0 crossed ridge at first saddle west of [Saddle Camp](#).  
76861.45 11:04am. Second saddle west of [Saddle Camp](#).  
76862.0 #24 color. Looking to the west where trail intersects road.  
76862.3 #23 color. Sign below [Sinque Hole Camp](#). Running water here.  
76863.1 #26 color. 12-Mile Camp.  
76864.4 Road to [Indian Grave](#). #27,28 color.  
76865.2 1st saddle east of [Castle Rock](#). #29 color telephoto.  
76866.3 saddle #30,31 color.  
76867.3 [Skookum Creek Trail](#) No. 204. #32 color.  
76869.2 Road to [Castle Butte Lookout](#). #33,34 color.  
76869.65 water #35 color.  
76869.9 saddle east of [BALD MOUNTAIN](#).  
76870.7  
76871.3 A trail takes off to the right.  
76872.6 saddle  
76873.0 1:36pm [Dry Creek sign](#).  
76874.1 trail to the south.  
76874.7 [No-See-Um Meadows](#). #1 color, sign at No-See-Um.  
76875.4 trail takes off.  
76876.05 [Liz Butte Road](#). #3 color. #4 color, looking up at [Sherman Peak](#).  
76876.4 [Chimney Butte](#) on the left and "1st Butte" on the right with road going up.  
76878.5 [Sherman Saddle](#). #6,7,8,9 color.  
76881.9 [Deep Saddle](#). #10,11.

Met some people at Green Saddle at talked to them about what we were doing. They told us about a good road to [Pierce](#).

Stayed overnight in [Pierce](#) at the Pierce Motel. Met the owner, Juanita Summers Munds and talked about the old days. Harry Munds was her husband and Charley Long was her grandfather.

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)



Charley Long horse logged on Lolo Cr. I think he came from the state of Virginia.

**August 7, 1989 (Monday) (Hike from Camp Martin to Lolo Forks)**

Morning weather - unrecorded.

76923.4      10:00am [Pierce, Idaho](#). Junior and I spent the morning grocery shopping and cleaning the dust out of the pickups and hosing off everything. #12 color, [Pierce](#). #13 color, Pierce Motel.

76923.8      12:05pm [Pierce, Idaho](#). filled with gas and headed back for the Lolo Trail.

76932.7      [PETERSON CORNERS](#)

76937.75     [Lolo Junction](#).

76943.2      Crossed bridge.

76943.45     [Chamook Creek Junction](#).

I decided to hike trail #40 from [Camp Martin to Lolo Forks](#). Junior stayed with his pickup at the west end at the trailhead and I drove the pickup to [Camp Martin](#).

76952.8      2pm MDT. [Beaver Dam Saddle](#).

76957.9      2:30pm MDT. [CAMP MARTIN](#). I walked westward down Trail #40 from Camp Martin to Lolo Forks. This distance was about six miles and took me three hours. Finished hike at 5:30pm.

#14,15 are the spring at [Camp Martin](#).

600 paces, crossed water.

800 paces, crossed water again, there was a [corduroy foot bridge](#) through the mud here.

1390 paces, 2:54pm, there is a trail that goes up on top of the ridge. The trail I am on is just starting to cross the ridge. This other trail goes up to the [Footrot Trail](#). It takes off in back of me and to my right.

1920 paces, #16 is looking up the trail.

2400 paces, the trail crosses a small saddle. Took picture #17 of an old tree with a hollow burned place in it.

2520 paces, the trail goes through some large boulders.

2710 paces, #18 was taken where the trail reached a nice level part of the ridge.

2800 paces, #19 was taken of an old camp site. The deer and elk have dug huge holes in the ground for salt. There is old lumber here and a table and tent frame, also some telephone wire. This could have been a camp for the old sheep driveway. This could have been the site of [Camp Mildred](#) on the old maps.

2910 paces, I found a very shallow draw with lots of brush in it and it feels very cool here like there is lots of water close to the surface.

3150 paces, the trail does not go over the knob but circles around and its fairly sidling but

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)

there are vehicle ruts like are made by wagons or 4-wheel drives. They are old.

3320 paces, I have complete the circle around the side of the knob and am back on the level ridge. There are a lot of old growth trees here. There has been logging to the left but the trail is undisturbed.

3430 paces, a draw to my right with lots of alder brush in it. This is another possible site for [Cold Springs Camp](#).

3800 paces, the trail drops down into a small draw, on my right or the lower side it looks like there is water. This is another possible site for [Cold Springs Camp](#).

3910 paces, I crossed the point of the ridge. It looks like its been logged off to my right but the trail is still here. It has been disturbed by a dozer (crawler tractor).

4150 paces, the trail circled around the knob to the left and I am back on the level part of the ridge.

4480 paces, a small saddle, the knob that I just went around is on my left and the one that I am coming to is on my right. The trail goes around to the left of it.

4670 paces, the trail starts down again.

5190 paces, I reached a small saddle, the trail goes up a little here.

5290 paces, the trail reaches the top of a small knob, swings to the left, and starts heading down.

5390 paces, I took picture #20 of a tree. It looks like a bear or some animal has been digging at it to get the bugs.

5540 paces, I reached a clear cut area with lots of brush, there are two ways to go. I don't know which is correct yet. I went straight ahead for a while but this trail didn't keep to the ridge so I went back and took the right-hand fork. This open area is warm and very sunny with flies buzzing around me.

5690 paces, found the correct trail. As I started down this trail I got a very strange feeling and the hair on my neck stood up so I hollered out. There was a bear along the right side of the trail and it immediately crashed into the brush. According to my estimate of the sound it made, it went only 100 yards and then stopped. I drew my pistol and continued down the trail at a fast pace. This encounter frightened me because the bear let me get so close without running until I had shouted. I was making much better time but my mouth was dry.

6300 paces, found a location marker and took a picture

6450 paces, found an outcropping of boulders.

6630 paces, found another location marker and took picture #22?

6760 paces, trail crosses a small saddle where there is a lot of Cedar trees.

7390 paces, trail goes into a small saddle and then around the right side of a small knob.

8200 paces, Quartz rock in the trail. I stopped to radio my cousin, Robert Earl Anderson Jr. who was waiting for me at [Lolo Forks](#). He answered and asked where I had been. A contract trail crew had been cutting brush out of Trail #40 in the area and reported that they had spooked up a black bear a little while ago. They told JR that the bear was there every day and that it was getting so it was not afraid of them or their trail bike or saws.

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)



They told JR that it might give me some trouble since I was alone. They said that they had started to carry a gun with them in case this bear got bolder. This scared me again because I thought this bear might still be ahead on the trail and not the one I spooked earlier. I drew my gun again and continued down the trail. I did not get much additional recording done!

8870 paces, the trail passed a cut stump and some brush like this area has been logged at some time.

9310 paces, Steep hill to climb. Did the [Bird-Truax Trail](#) really go over this or around it?

I finally got to the end of the trail where JR was waiting at about 5:30pm and rested and told my bear story. We then headed back up to [Beaver Dam Saddle](#) so we could go to [Camp Martin](#) for the night. When Junior and I got back to [Beaver Dam Saddle](#), we met a group of Forest Service people clearing the old trail east out of the saddle. These people were: Russ Pfeiffer-Hoyt, Tom Geouge, Tim Lewis, and Jeff Fee.

71957.9      My August 7, 1989 evening camp was at [Camp Martin](#). Junior and I camped with Russ Pfeiffer-Hoyt and we talked about the Lolo Trail and the work the Forest Service had planned. Russ told me who the people we met today were.

### [August 8, 1989 \(Tuesday\)](#)

Morning weather - unrecorded.

76957.9      9am. [CAMP MARTIN](#) Headed eastward on the Motorway. #24 color, Trail 40. #25 color, looking eastward up the trail from [Camp Martin](#). #1 color, me.

76959.4      #2,3 [Lean-To Ridge Junction](#).

76960.9      #4 color. Tray Creek take-off at head of [Horse Gulch](#) ([Soldiers Meadows](#)).

76963.0      #5 color, east out of Beaver Dam Saddle. #6 color, west out of [Beaver Dam Saddle](#). Hiked trail west of [Beaver Dam Saddle](#). Beautiful, well defined trail - excellent! Found a trap nailed to a tree about 0.3 miles west.

76963.1      #8 color. sign.

76963.8      [PETE FORKS JUNCTION](#). #9,10 color. Went back to [Beaver Dam Saddle](#) and hiked the trail east to the ridge and into the road. 1:25pm. I hiked east out of [Beaver Dam Saddle](#). The trail went 340 paces and then turned and switchbacked left and started up the side of the hill at an azimuth of 45degrees.

340 paces, switchback to the left.

570 paces, crossed a small ridge. I am swinging more to the right or the east.

720 paces, the trail is headed due east.

950 paces, Water is running across the trail.

1010 paces, I crossed a small draw.

1170 paces, I reached a small switchback to the right.

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)

1210 paces, the trail swung to the left and continued back up the hill at about the same angle.

1300 paces, I reached a draw, the water is flowing right below the trail, a spring comes out, there is quite a gully washed here.

1780 paces, I came into a small amount of small boulders. The trail is climbing up pretty steeply but it is keeping to the same compass heading of 45 degrees.

1940 paces, I can see the road.

2020 paces, I reached the road. The USFS has put a large post here and some yellow ribbon. A [NEE-MEE-POO trail sign](#) is hung on a tree with ribbon. JR picked me up and we went back to Beaver Dam Saddle to get my pickup. We then headed eastward.

76966.7      [Pete Forks Junction](#). (again!) #11,12 are moss on the trees just westward from [Pete Forks Junction](#).

76967.35      1st saddle east of [Pete Forks Junction](#).

76967.8      Trail comes out.

76967.9      "top of the ridge"

76968.2      [Gass Creek Sign](#). #13 color.

76969.4      Trail No. 254. #14 color.

76969.7      #16 color, Romeo and Juliet. #15 color, sough down into Obia Cr.

76970.0      backtrack to Trail No. 254.

76970.3      #15, 16.

76971.0      1st saddle east of Rocky Ridge.

76972.5      #17 color. Rocky Ridge Lake.

At [Weitas Meadows](#) I found 4 corduroy roads. they seem to be 1-wagon, 1-large-foot, 2-small-foot.

76975.5      [Little Weitas Butte](#) from west of [Butte Camp](#).

76976.05      My August 8, 1989 evening camp was at [GREEN SADDLE](#). It was cold and wet. It started to rain heavy just as Junior and I had finished supper so we went to bed.

### [August 9, 1989 \(Wednesday\)](#)

Morning weather - it rain heavy at times, on and off all night. Had about one-half to three-quarters of an inch in the bucket outside. It was a wet cold morning- brrr. For breakfast, I had coffee, hot chocolate, and cookies. #2 color, morning camp - wet!

Junior was having trouble with his pickup engine. It was burning too much gas. We found that the breather cap was vented and that his "dry" air cleaner was full of oil and dust. I cleaned it with gas and taped up the existing holes.

On the Lolo Trail with my first Cousin, Robert Earl Anderson, Jr. (JR, J-R)



76976.05 9:15am MDT. [GREEN SADDLE](#). We headed east.  
 76976.3 Trail on the bank above the road.  
 76976.35 #3 color, looking west at the fog on the ridge west of [Green Saddle](#).  
 76976.55 Hiked this segment of the trail. Found a white telephone insulator above the road.  
 Hillside is loose and sliding and tends to destroy the tread evidence.  
 76976.7 wet draw.  
 76976.75 [Bird-Truax Trail](#) is above the road.  
 76977.1 point of the ridge.  
 76977.4 point of the ridge.  
 76977.6 major draw with water.  
 76978.15 point of the ridge.  
 76978.55 trail at my right, above the road.  
 76978.75 trail is below the road.  
 76979.5 [Deep Saddle](#), returned to [Green Saddle](#).  
 76982.7 [Green Saddle](#).  
 76983.4 trail is above the road.  
 Hiked up (east).  
 770 paces @ 60deg to point of the ridge.  
 76986.0 2pm. Lunch at [Deep Saddle](#).  
 76987.0 Trail or road to the left - looks like a road.  
 76987.6 [Willow Ridge Trail](#).  
 76993.0 5pm. [Sherman Saddle](#).  
 76995.6 5:20pm [Liz Butte Road](#). #4 color.  
 76996.3 trail take off point.  
 76997.0 6:10pm. [No-See-Um Meadows](#).  
 76997.3 #5 color. east of No-See-Um looking north.  
 76997.6 Trail No. 227.  
 76998.7 [Dry Camp Sign](#).  
 76998.75 trail goes to the right.  
 76999.0 cross the ridge to a saddle.  
 76999.5 saddle  
 77000.45 trail head.  
 77000.55 trail merges with the road at the start of the meadow.  
 77000.75 [Bald Mountain Sign](#).  
 77000.9 Lewis and Clark sign.  
 77001.05 water and mud hole.  
 77001.2 water  
 77001.45 water and campsites.  
 77001.8 1st saddle east of [Bald Mountain](#).  
 77002.0 water #6 color.  
 77002.5 8pm. MDT. Road to [Castle Butte Lookout](#).  
 77002.5 My August 9, 1989 evening camp was at the junction of the Lolo Motorway and

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the road to [Castle Butte Lookout](#). For supper, we had spanish rice mixed with cheese and cooked in the frying pan. It was very good and Junior and I had a nice evening. I am finding that I crave food with tomatoes in it - very strange!

#### August 10, 1989 (Thursday)

Breakfast: egg, coffee, hot chocolate. Last night was very cool.

8:30am Headed eastward.

- 77002.5 Road to [Castle Butte Lookout](#).
- 77002.8 top of the ridge
- 77003.0 trail to the right
- 77003.5 trail to the right
- 77003.8 trail comes out on the right
- 77004.3 small saddle. #7 color, looking east
- 77004.45 [Skookum Creek Trail](#) No. 204. #8 color.
- 77004.7 ridge point
- 77005.05 road heads down steeply, trail at the right
- 77005.35 trail on the right, comes into road. [Indian Grave Camp](#) - looking east. #9 color. #10 color, Mt. Woods. #14 color, [Aunt Nora Campsight](#). Hiked to the lookout site.
- 77007.35 Junction to [Indian Grave Lookout](#). Leave @ 11:20am. Took pictures #9 -14 on my hike to the lookout site.
- 77008.6 [12-Mile Saddle](#).
- 77010.7 Saddle, road crosses the ridge.
- 77011.3 #15 color, north side of [Mt. Wood](#).
- 77012.05 Road junction at [Saddle Camp](#).
- 77012.05 Diversion to see the washed out road going south out of [Saddle Camp](#) to Highway 12. #16,17 color.
- 77019.5 1:12pm [Howard Camp](#). Hiked west of [Howard Camp](#) but found no evidence of trail tread.
- 77026.7 #18 color. East of [Indian Postoffice](#).

We went to U.S. Highway 12 and the [Lochsa River](#) on the road down [Jerry Johnson Ridge](#) (I think this is called the [Doe Creek Road](#)).

My evening camp was at the junction of [U.S. Highway 12](#) and the [Shotgun Creek Road](#). There is an old gravel storage area here and it makes a nice place to camp. We had to set up camp and cook supper in the dark.

#### August 11, 1989 (Friday)

Morning weather - Cold and damp. There was a very heavy dew on everthing and the morning

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was chilling. I like to camp in the high country because you don't get the heavy dew and the mornings are generally warmer. We decided to go to [Lochsa Lodge](#) to have breakfast and get warm.

77064.5	9am MDT. leave <a href="#">Lochsa Lodge</a> and head east. <b>JR and I said goodbye</b> just above the bridge at Crooked Fork. He returned to Montana.
77076.2	10:20am Started up the Pack Creek Road.
77077.05	1st Switchback.
77077.75	2nd Switchback.
77078.5	Draw
77079.1	Turn around and head back down.
77079.7	Draw
77079.9	#20 color. Ridge out of Brushy Fork that was climbed by Lewis and Clark.
77080.0	Draw
77080.8	Found the trail above the road.
77080.85	an access road goes to the right into the flat. I took it to look around.
77098.9	Turn off.
77099.1	Bridges.
77099.9	

Started on my returned to Elliston, Montana at 3pm MDT.

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